THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

Weekly Theatrical Report.

NUMBER XX.

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1800.

Still less I'll lie in ambush, to surprize,
And skulk beneath anonymous disguise:
In studied mystery involve my name,
And void of fear, shake off all sense of shame!
Still less assassin-like, I'll stab my foe,
Unseen the hand that deals the murderous blow.
No!—what I boldly write, I'll boldly own,
And if I injure, be th' offender known.

LITERARY CENSUS, page 62.

The First Volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half-bound, price Seven Shillings, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel-court, Drury-lane; or C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, *May* 9, 1800.

DE MONTFORT—*J. P. Kemble.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

WE HAVE been favoured with the loan of the *original* of this Tragedy, by a kind friend, whose urbanity blends the scholar with the gentleman, and to whom Dramatic Literature, in particular, is under the greatest obligations. We

have profited of this opportunity to compare the play, as *printed*, with the *representation*, and find, that all the objections, which we pointed out in our last Number, are imputable to the *author*—are inherent to the *original*. This remark is not meant to exculpate Mr. KEMBLE from that share of censure which attaches to him, as the *adapter*, from that obloquy, which he voluntarily inherits and entails upon himself, by his *adoption* of a faulty offspring. It were to be wished, that he had allowed himself greater latitude and scope in the exercise of his own judgment, and made freer use of his critical prerogative. With very few exceptions, he has confined his amendments to the rectification of occasional *grammatical errors*; among which, *here* instead of *hither*; *there* for *thither*; the confounding of the *preterite* and *participle*; with various other inaccuracies, similar to those which we commented upon in page 65, of the First Volume of this Work, called particularly for his correcting hand. All the heterogeneous ingredients in this dramatic compound; the spurious leaven of farce, opera, pantomime, and puppet-shew, so copiously kneaded into the dough of Tragedy, are furnished by the author; who, in the *introductory discourse* to the *series of plays*, of which *De Montfort* forms a part, expressly lays it down as a rule, that show, sing-song, battles, screech-owls, banquets and processions, are the *legitimate* and *necessary* substitutes for *plot* and *incident*; adding withal, in compliment to the good sense and understanding of the audience,

audience, that these are things from which *children* receive great pleasure and edification!

The principal, or at least the most characteristic alteration, which Mr. KEMBLE appears to have introduced, respects the last scene in the Third Act, where *De Montfort*, under the impression of *Conrad's* tale, that *Rezenvelt* has gained the affections of his sister, challenges that nobleman to personal combat. In the original, *Rezenvelt* accepts the challenge, and a second time disarms his adversary, whose life he spares, but refuses to return his forfeit sword.

——"I'll take away your sword;
" Not as a mark of *disrespect* to you,
" But for your *safety*—By to-morrow's eve
" I'll call on you myself, and give it back;
" And then, if I am charged with any wrong,
" I'll justify myself.—Farewell, strange man!"

Mr. KEMBLE makes *Rezenvelt* decline the challenge. He tells *De Montfort* to find out some free, some untried arm; some adversary, against whom he had not that very morning sworn never more to raise his arm in anger. " To such a one," he says, " you may again be a trifling life in debt!—again acknowledge, and again forget!—I'll not be guilty of your perjuries."—This conduct, on the part of *Rezenvelt*, undoubtedly displays a dignified and manly mind; and possibly many of our readers will agree with us, that his refusal to fight *De Montfort*, together with the taunts which accompanied that refusal, must have a greater tendency to inflame *De Montfort's* hatred, and prompt the assassination

of the man, who denied him the means of *open* revenge, than had he a second time been the debtor of *Rezenvelt's* generosity—had he a second time owed his forfeit life to his forbearance.

The *Glee* in the Third Act is the composition of Mr. SHAW, and is worthy of that gentleman's professional celebrity. It receives due credit and effect from the manly voice of Mr. SEDGWICK. As the *Glee* is not printed for the accommodation of those who wish to hear the *words* as well as the *notes* of a Song, we subjoin a copy—

" Pleasant is the mantling bowl,
And the song of merry soul;
And the red lamps' cheery light;
And the goblets glancing bright;
Whilst many a cheerful face around
Listens to the jovial sound.
Social spirits, join with me;
Bless the god of jollity."

Mr. KELLY furnishes the music to the *Dirge*, or *Requiem*, in the Fourth Act, which is entitled to considerable praise for richness of harmony, and appropriate solemnity.—The following is a copy of the words—

" Departed soul! whose poor remains
This hallowed lowly grave contains;
Whose passing storm of life is o'er,
Whose pains and sorrows are no more!
Bless'd be thou with the blest above,
Where all is joy, and purity, and love!

Let him, in might and mercy dread!
Lord of the living and the dead!

In

In whom the stars of heaven rejoice,
To whom the ocean lifts his voice,
Thy spirit purified to glory raise,
To sing with holy saints his everlasting praise.

Departed soul! who in this earthly scene
Hast our lowly sister been,
Swift be thy flight to where the blessed dwell!
Until we meet thee there—farewell! farewell!"

The Prologue to *De Montfort*, if we are rightly informed, is the production of the Honourable FRANCIS NORTH.—The Epilogue is attributed to the elegant pen of the DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

'Ere we conclude our remarks on the New Tragedy, we must beg leave to address a few words immediately to the *Adapter*. We hope the issue of the experiment will bring additional weight to the proofs already furnished in the case of Mr. CUMBERLAND'S *Joanna*, Mrs. INCHBALD'S *Wise Man of the East*, &c. &c.—that the *dressing* of a Play, though it in the first instance may offer a lure to *mental indolence*, is not altogether a task of such easy accomplishment as it may appear. We hope that Mr. KEMBLE, if he should have leisure and inclination to repeat the trial of his dramatic skill in *writing*, as well as in *acting* plays, will trust more to his *own powers*; and that he will come to the same resolution which Mr. CUMBERLAND has avowed in his Preface to *Joanna*, never to—" stand in fu-
" ture upon *the legs of others*, but to take his chance
" with the public for so much of their favour, as

" his

" his *own independent* efforts are competent to obtain " for him."

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *May* 9, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA —*Cobb.*

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *May* 10, 1800.

INDISCRETION—*P. Hoare.* THE LYAR—*S. Foote.*

DRURY-LANE has been more sparing of *novelties* this season than the sister Theatre; and, upon the whole, very unfortunate in the fate of the few new Dramas it has produced. With the exception of a miserable Afterpiece, which even its authors are ashamed to avow their own, it has not brought forward a single article that has defrayed its incidental expences. Two five-act Tragedies have already operated as considerable drawbacks upon the receipts of the house; and the present Comedy holds forth little prospect of indemnification. It is from the pen of a gentleman, whose former productions, with the exception of the wretched Two-act Entertainment performed for Mr. BANNISTER's benefit, have experienced a merited degree of popularity and success, and from whose Muse, therefore, we were led to expect a Drama of a very different description from the present.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Marmaduke Maxim,	Mr. KING.
Mr. Burly, - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Clermont, - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Algernon Maxim, -	Mr. TALBOT.
Captain Maxim, -	Mr. PALMER.
Lounge, - - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Thomas, - - -	Mr. WATHEN.
Julia Burly, - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Fanny Burly, - -	Miss BIGGS.
Victoria Burly, - -	Miss POPE.
Mrs. Goodly, - -	Mrs. WALCOT.
Laura Goodly, - -	Miss HEARD.

The Comedy takes its title from the conduct of *Julia*, the heroine of the piece, who elopes from her father to avoid a marriage with Captain *Maxim*. She throws herself on the protection of her lover, *Clermont*; but this gentleman takes advantage of her indiscretion, and makes dishonourable proposals, which compel *Julia* to fly from his roof, and seek a safer asylum in the house of *Mrs. Goodly*, a lady who is under great obligations to her father. The latter is represented as a very choleric gentleman, but at the same time as a very fond and affectionate parent. In an interview, which takes place between him and *Julia*, he is on the very point of pardoning her, when her refusal to disclose the name of her *supposed* seducer, (for *Burly* believes his daughter actually guilty of a violation of her honour, nor does *Julia* attempt to undeceive him in this respect—she does not even avow her innocence)

cence) rekindles his resentment. He peremptorily orders her to quit his house, and vows revenge against the author of her wrongs.

Through the intervention of *Mrs. Goodly*, an opportunity is afforded *Julia* of probing the heart of her lover by disguising herself in male attire. *Clermont* appears to be truly sensible of the baseness of his past conduct, and eager to make atonement to *Julia* for her wrongs, (could he but discover her retreat) by the offer of his hand. *Julia* now burns with desire to obtain a second interview with her father, relying on his goodness for full pardon of her indiscretion, when convinced of her innocence. This desirable object, likewise, is accomplished by the friendly interposition of *Mrs. Goodly*, who introduces *Burly* under the disguise of an old woman, to a circle of gentlemen of her acquaintance, among whom is *Julia's* penitent lover, *Clermont*.—*Julia* is likewise present on this occasion in her assumed male habit, and displays a vein of flippant pleasantry, ill according with the perturbed state of her mind. The conversation turns upon the topic of *Julia's* elopement, when the choleric disposition of *Burly* gets the better of his prudence, and betrays his sex. He quarrels with and challenges all the company, till, understanding that *Clermont* is the person who has insulted his daughter, he selects him as the immediate object of his vengeance. *Julia* now steps forward, and, after catechizing *Clermont* on his past conduct, and drawing from

from him a solemn acknowledgment of her own innocence, discovers herself, and the piece concludes with their mutual affiance.

Subordinate to the leading story is an under-plot hinging on the absurd whim of *Sir Marmaduke Maxim*, a gouty widower, labouring under all the complicated infirmities of old age, to obtain a wife by public advertisement. He describes himself in the Newspapers as a man in the prime of life, of an agreeable person, and even temper. This advertisement is signed *Modestus*, and is answered by *Victoria*, the maiden sister of *Burly*, who returns an equally favourable report of her own person and age, under the title of *Amanda*. This matrimonial correspondence brings on a ludicrous interview between the parties, in which *Modestus* and *Amanda* vent their mutual disappointment in mutual upbraidings. *Captain Maxim*, son to the advertising Knight, who is deeply in love with *Laura*, overhears what passes at this interview, being concealed in a closet of the room. He profits of his father's disappointment to plead the cause of his own marriage with *Laura*, to which *Sir Marmaduke* at length consents, and joins the hands of the lovers.

Such is an outline of the plot of the New Comedy, the merits of which, in our opinion, do not entitle it to a more detailed analysis. Though we cannot concur with the Editor of *The Times** in

* This paper, which, in our estimation, distinguishes itself above all

condemning the Play as a flagrant outrage of decorum and morality, we can as little coincide in sen-

---

all its cotemporaries by dullness, profligacy, and want of critical acumen; and which, as a *Theatrical Reporter*, is absolutely the very lowest on the list, seems to consider *elopement* and *seduction*, (or rather the *violation of female chastity)* as synonimous terms. Like a second *Jeremiah*, the Editor strings together a bundle of *Lamentations* on the degeneracy of the age, and with all the sanctity of that *pious and Reverend Spinster*, Miss HANNAH MOORE, reproaches Mr. HOARE for the indelicacy, the indecency, the breach of public decorum he has rendered himself guilty of, by qualifying a crime of so base a dye as *seduction* with "the gentle name of *Indiscretion.*" Miss HANNAH then chews the cud of her former invectives against the German Drama; and pathetically laments, "for the sake of the female character, and the *purity of old maids*," that Miss LEE should have set so bad an example to Mr. HOARE, and that Mr. HOARE should have followed the bad example, and trodden in the footsteps of Miss LEE, by writing an *apology* for the *fall* of one of the fair sex! Would not any reader of *The Times*, who had not seen the New Comedy, conclude from this *sanctified* harrangue, that poor Miss *Julia* had *done* what could not be *undone?* that she had sacrificed her fame and honour to a lawless passion? Yet the very reverse is the case.—*Julia* has been guilty of an *indiscretion*, as the author justly terms it, in eloping from her father's house; but her honour remains unsullied, and she returns to her friends in all the purity of virgin innocence!—So much for the vaunted critical acumen of *The Times!*—Indeed, to judge from the report this paper gives of the New Comedy, we should suppose the Editor must either have fallen asleep during the representation, or have been too deeply engaged in discourse with the grave Miss HANNAH (if that lady's *sanctity* will suffer her to visit a Theatre) to pay any attention to what was passing on the stage. The Editor does not give us the smallest account of the plot, but confines the *soi-disant* critique entirely to general topics, in which the *retail* of Miss HANNAH's *blue-stocking morality* forms a conspicuous feature.

timent

timent with the *True Briton*, which ranks it among the best modern Dramas. To us it appears a very poor and paltry production—alternately too insipid for *Comedy*, and too *outre* and farcical for *Tragedy*.

Julia's character—a part so much commended by *The Times*, and on which, according to that paper, the author has employed the whole force of his pen, is a strange, incoherent, inconsistent, and unnatural delineation. Depressed, as she must be, with the consciousness of her undutiful behaviour towards her father, and the disagreeable predicament in which her *indiscretion* (though she remains free from actual *guilt*) has involved her; instead of manifesting contrition, she displays all the pertness and flippancy of a giddy, thoughtless romp. Such abrupt transitions trench beyond the bounds, not only of *probability* and nature, but of *possibility* itself. We have scarcely any proof of her penitence and sorrow, except that she sings a plaintive song.

The inconsistency of the *character* must not, however, blind us to the merits of the *performer*. Mrs. JORDAN is entitled to the highest panegyric for her exquisite acting in the part of *Julia*. She gave her song (of which the following is a copy) with feeling and captivating sweetness, and was most deservedly *encored*—

" I rise with the morn, I gaze on the sun,
Aurora's bright lustre I see;
But I sigh with regret, when day-light is gone,
For night brings no comfort to me.

I wander at night where the nightingales sing,
I traverse the sands of the sea;
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring,
For what can bring comfort to me?

Mr. BANNISTER supported the character of *Burly* till towards the concluding scenes, in which the part degenerates into downright farce and *caricature*, with greater truth and chasteness than we could have expected. Mr. KING displayed his accustomed excellence in the delineation of *Sir Marmaduke*. We are happy to see Mr. TALBOT rescued from obscurity, though there is reason to believe that he owes this circumstance more to *accident*, than to either the *discernment* or the *patronage* of the Manager. He is indisputably an improving actor, and distinguishes himself by the clearness and distinctness of his enunciation. We have only to wish (what time no doubt will accomplish) that he may get rid of that affectation of ease, which but too often betrays him into a slovenly habit, and sometimes gives his acting the appearance of formality.

Mr. BARRYMORE's performance of *Clermont*, was reputable; but Mr. PALMER throws too much coarseness into his delineation of *Capt. Maxim*, and *whispers*, likewise, too loudly in his *side-speeches*. Mr. WEWITZER, gave great interest and effect to the part of *Lounge*, by his spirited and characteristic performance. In clowns, and boorish servants, Mr. WATHEN appears to advantage.

Miss

Miss POPE's talents in low Comedy are too well known to stand in need of comment. She gave a characteristic delineation of the old maid, *Victoria*; but the author has not afforded her adequate scope for the display of her powers. Mrs. WALCOT has a very indifferent part. Miss HEARD a still worse. Miss BIGGS had a fairer opportunity of courting public applause; she delivers some sentiments which carry weight, and interest the audience.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. TALBOT, and the Epilogue by Miss BIGGS. They are neither of them very striking; the Epilogue, in particular, is a very paltry composition, and has been withdrawn since the first night. A pleasing glee, by TRUEMAN, DIGNUM, and DANBY, was introduced in the Fourth Act, and received with great applause, being with general consent *encored*.

On the announcement of the New Comedy for repetition, the sense of the audience, if fairly taken, was decidedly in the negative.

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *May* 10, 1800.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—*H. Kelley*. HONEST THIEVES.

The New Comedy at Drury Lane prevented us from attending the performances at this Theatre, which were for the benefit of Mr. BETTERTON. We are happy to perceive from the bills of the Theatre, that the *late* Miss BETTERTON is not *defunct*, but that she has altered her condition and her name, and is now Mrs. GLOVER.

DRURY-

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *May* 12, 1800.

THE INCONSTANT—*G. Farquhar.* THE PANNEL—*J. P. Kemble.*

THE same reasons which prevented us from visiting Covent Garden on Saturday, precluded this evening our attendance at Drury Lane, viz. the production of a New Play at the other Theatre. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with observing, that the popularity of Mrs. JORDAN, who took her benefit this evening, attracted a crowded and literally overflowing house.

The performance was interrupted in the First Act of the Farce, by a false alarm of "*fire!*" The whole House was instantly thrown into the greatest confusion, which lasted a considerable time. Such of our readers as wish to see a very pompous and florid description of this accident, may gratify their desire by referring to the *Oracle* of Tuesday; where they will find *mole-hills* magnified into *mountains*, and hyperboles, tropes, metaphors, &c. scattered with a lavish hand. Mrs. JORDAN introduced in the course of the Entertainment, the admired Ballad, entitled, "*The Blue Bell of Scotland.*" She was received with the warmest applause.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *May* 12, 1800.

LIBERAL OPINIONS—*T. Dibdin.* PAUL AND VIRGINIA—*Cobb.* THE HORSE AND THE WIDOW—*T. Dibdin.*

THE New Play performed this evening at Covent Garden

Garden Theatre, for the first time, is a Three-Act piece, which ranks rather in the class of Farce than legitimate Comedy. As such, perhaps, it would be unfair to examine its merits with the scrutiny of rigid criticism. It is a light, airy, summer production, well calculated to please and beguile a vacant hour, without grossly outraging the judgment, though it does not aspire to the praise of originality. This the author seems to have made his avowed aim, and this object he has completely accomplished. We laugh involuntarily at scenes and incidents, which, on sober reflection, we find to be faulty; and feel the milder affections of the heart excited, at the same time that the brow of care relaxes its features, and austerity flies the countenance. The title is, in fact, a comment on the piece, which breathes a spirit of philanthrophy and benevolence, and literally overflows with the milk of human kindness. Perhaps these liberal sentiments may, in some instances, be carried too far; but at all events it is offending on the right side. The human heart is less in danger of being corrupted by *over-expansion*, than by *contraction*—less apt to extend its benevolence to *all*, than to concentrate all in *self*. We shall give an analysis of the plot in our next, and mean while present our readers with that necessary *desideratum*, which the Playbills, we know not why, withhold; to wit, a list of the

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Liberal, - - - - - - -	Mr. MUNDEN,
Frank Liberal, - - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Counsellor Friendly, - - -	Mr. MURRAY.
Mildmay, - - - - - -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Squire Chace, - - - - -	Mr. FARLEY.
Ephraim, - - - - - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Farmer Grouse, - - - -	Mr. EMERY.
Lucretia Liberal, - - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Frances Liberal, - - - -	Mrs. MILLS.
Mrs. Howard, - - - -	Miss CHAPMAN.
Mariana Howard, - - -	Miss MURRAY.
Jenny - - - - - - -	Miss MILLS.

Of the representation we cannot speak too highly. Seldom, indeed, have we seen a play better got up from first to last, including every one of the performers. Mr. LEWIS displayed all the sprightliness and eccentricity of the versatile character he personated. Mr. MUNDEN renders the part of *Old Liberal* highly interesting. Mr. FAWCETT's *Ephraim* was at once a correct and spirited performance; and Mr. EMERY's delineation of *Farmer Grouse*, entitles him to great commendation. Mr. MURRAY never offends our judgment; and his amiable daughter, under the tuition of such a parent, promises to attain to superior excellence. Mrs. MILLS is all life and activity; and Miss MILLS appears to great advantage in the character of *Jenny*. The elegance of this latter lady's person, in male attire, attracted general observation. Mrs. DAVENPORT knows her proper sphere of acting, which she never seeks to pass, and in which she always excels. Miss CHAPMAN has little to do, but does that little well.

☞ *The Remainder of our Weekly Report is deferred till our next.*

FINE ARTS, &c.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,
FOR THE YEAR 1800.

NUMBER III.

No. 54. *Portrait of Mr. Curran.*—T. Lawrence, R. A.

The head finely painted with great force of expression; but the ground too blue and cold. Had the late Sir Joshua been employed to paint a complexion of this kind, he would doubtless have improved its sallowness by the introduction of a red curtain.

No. 60. *Combat between Don Quixotte and the Giants, interrupted by the Innkeeper.*—R. Smirke, R. A.

This is a work of much humour, and the figures are well grouped. But from *local* circumstances it appears to less advantage than it deserves. Either this Artist colours *too low*, or some of his brethren *too high*. With which of the two parties the fault lies, we leave the *enlightened* public to determine.

No. 61. *Calm, after a Storm of Rain.*—W. Anderson.

A clear and brilliant picture. The sky, in particular, is painted with a broad pencil, and finely composed.

No. 63. *The Apostles imprisoned.*—B. West, R. A.

Handled with great spirit: but the picture does not sufficiently convey the idea of night, to answer the scene for which it is designed, and which is expressed in the Catalogue, viz.—"The Angel of the Lord *by night* opened the prison doors," &c.

No. 64. *The Chiefs of the Tribes of Israel returned from seeking the Land of Canaan.*—W. Hamilton, R. A.

A very brilliant picture, in which the figures are put together

with great skill. The groupe in the right-hand corner forms a beautiful composition, and, indeed, the *tout ensemble* of the work is highly reputable to the talents of the Artist.

No. 67. *The Peasant's return to his Family in the Evening.*—R. WESTALL, R. A.

'Tis well for the spectators, that the Catalogue inform us that the effect is meant for Evening. In other respects, the picture merits some commendation, and it would merit still more, were it not for the gaudy tints and sparkles which rank among the characteristic defects of Mr. WESTALL's pencil. The light and shadow are broadly painted, and the whole spiritedly executed.

No. 68. *Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York.*—Sir WM. BEECHEY, R. A.

A beautiful portrait of a beautiful original, beaming beneficence and grace. The attitude easy, the colouring sweet, and (what we seldom have an opportunity of witnessing) the effect well preserved, notwithstanding the picture is so highly and so exquisitely finished. The whole forms, indeed, a *chef-d'œuvre*.

No. 69. *The King.*—Sir WM. BEECHEY, R. A.

THIS we cannot rank among the happiest efforts of the Artist's pencil. Perhaps he has felt himself overawed by that ray of divinity which is said to irradiate the sacred person of Majesty! 'Tis the duty of the painter, on occasions of this nature, to elevate to the utmost capacity of his skill the character of his portrait; and to infuse into his picture that calm dignity, that true air of Majesty, which befits the illustrious object of his efforts. We cannot so far pay our court to rank, as to compliment Sir WM. BEECHEY on his present work. The attitude is not the most graceful, the legs are ill-drawn, and the whole wants character and expression.

No. 72. *Portrait of Lady Dudley and Ward.*—J. S. COPLEY, R. A.

THE picture uniformly dry and cold, and the figure heavy and inelegant. On minute inspection, it will be found, indeed, to pos-

sess

sess the merit of being highly finished, but the parts are detailed to littleness. This is a common fault with Artists, who, by their over-attention to trifles, totally destroy the general effect.

No. 73. *Jethro bringing to Moses his Wife and two Sons.*—W. HAMILTON, R. A.

A clear, well-coloured picture; but certainly not equal in point of composition to its companion, No. 64, on which we have already commented.

No. 77. *Don Quixotte addressing the Princess Dulcinea.*—R. SMIRKE, R. A.

THE composition of this picture evinces much skill and humour; but it partakes at the same time of the characteristic defect of the Artist—the lights are too much broken down.

No. 85. *The Descent of Odin, for Du Rovary's New Edition.*—H. FUSELI, R. A.

WE neither can, nor will sacrifice our own judgment to popular prejudice. 'Tis our sincere wish in all cases to act with the utmost liberality; but we cannot consent to compliment at the expence of truth. Were we to follow the example of the multitude, and to appreciate a work by the reputation of the master, we should be under the necessity of shutting our eyes to the merits of our countrymen, and must commend none but the old school. So great of late has been the rage for old pictures, that we have been astonished to see the large sums lavished in their purchase, (we expressly say *lavished*, for in many instances, which have fallen within our cognizance, the merit of the articles in question would not have entitled them to a situation in the present Exhibition, motley as it is) which, had they been bestowed on the nurture of the Arts in our own soil, would have redounded to the honour of the employer, and to the comfort of the Artist. As a proof of the want of taste and discernment on the part of the public, we need only advert to a recent sale of the works of British Artists, the result of which constitutes a marked epocha of national disgrace. And such, alas!

will ever be the case, whilst the wealth of individuals is devoted to riot and folly.

With respect to the merits of the present article, we shall briefly observe, that the subject is well conceived, and the effect broad; but the principal figure is much too heavy for an active warrior.

No. 89. *A Rainbow.*—Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

This is unquestionably one of the finest pictures we ever saw of this master. It possesses all the requisites, all the excellency of the art—fine light, fine shade, fine colour, fine handling, &c.

No. 90. *Confession.*—J. Opie, R. A.

The female figure is light and elegantly conceived; the colouring remarkably chaste and clear. The head of the Priest, which reminds us of this artist's *Tired Soldier* in a former Exhibition, is painted with great firmness and spirit, and exhibits a happy instance of the approximation of art to excellence.

No. 94. *Portrait of the Lord Chancellor.*—J. Northcote, R. A.

A striking likeness, and painted with great spirit. It ranks, in fact, among the happiest labours of the artist.

No. 108. *Portrait of Lord Viscount Dudley.*—J. S. Copley, R. A.

This is really a charming portrait. The attitude is easy, the *chiaro-scuro* broad, and the whole in good tone.

No. 109. *The Angel justifying Providence.*—R. Smirke, R. A.

This picture is a copy from one of Rembrant, belonging, if we mistake not, to the collection of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds. The want of firm handling, brilliancy, and glow, renders it greatly inferior to the original.

No. 117. *Portrait of a Lady in the Character of Cressida.*—J. Opie, R. A.

In our opinion the painter has not approved himself the most *gallant* of men, by choosing such a character as this for his *sitter*.—

There

There is great breadth in the *chiaro-scuro*; but the female is stiff and inelegant, owing to the want of a graceful inflection of the body. Nor can we refrain from censuring the drapery, which is painted in a poor and dirty style: add to this, that the folds are much too straight, and appear as if they were badly cut in stone. For the rest, the countenance is clear, and well coloured.

No. 120. *Part of the Design, to be executed in stained Glass, for the great Window of Fonthill Abbey.*—W. HAMILTON, R. A.

THIS is one of those inexplicable performances, which defy the power of criticism. Indeed, were it not for the R. A. attached to the painter's name, we should have passed it over in contemptible silence, as worthy only of a place in the show-board of the exhibitors of wild beasts in Bartholomew Fair. The Angel appears to be dressed in an *eel-skin*, and is almost as great a monster as the dragon which he bestrides. 'Tis a subject of just regret, that in the few cases, where individuals of fortune step forward to encourage the Arts, they should throw away their patronage on such vile despicable performances.

No. 135. *Portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.*—J. HOPPNER, R. A.

WE are happy to compliment this artist on his productions, which are more chaste this year, than we remember to have seen them on former occasions. On a first and superficial view, he appeared to make no figure, because he modestly retired from the eye, and required seeking; whilst his neighbours forced themselves into notice, by their obtrusive glare of colour, bursting in all directions from red robes, scarlet coats, and crimson curtains, polished to a degree of excess that pains the sense of vision.

The present portrait of her Royal Highness is a very striking likeness; the attitude easy, graceful, and bespeaking the lady; and the whole in a fine tone of colour, with the exception of the arms, which appear rather cold. But the picture is evidently in an *unfinished* state.

No. 140. *The Gipsey.*—R. SMIRKE, R. A.

A very pretty cabinet picture, and treated with much taste. There is a degree of archness in the countenance of the *Sybil*, highly characteristic of these readers in the book of fate.

No. 144. *Isaac when he first saw his two Sons, Esau and Jacob. Painted for his Majesty's Chapel, Windsor Castle.*—B. WEST, R.A.

WE must confess ourselves not of the number of those, who think Academic honours the test of genius and merit; nor do we think it impossible for the PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, to be as faulty as many of his brethren, who are doomed to be *proselytes of the outer gate.* The parts of this picture are good, and the light and shade well managed; but the dryness of the whole is insufferable, and the colouring violent and inharmonious in the extreme. We leave it to the ladies to determine in how far *Rebecca* has the appearance of a *lying-in* woman!

No. 147. *La Madona della gloria, &c. for Fonthill Abbey.*—W. HAMILTON, R. A.

A worthy counterpart to No. 126, by the same artist. The lady looks as if she had been stolen from some *ancient* gothic window, instead of being designed for a *modern* one. The holy child is in every sense of the word, as affected, uninteresting, and undignified, as the mother.

No. 149. *Perseverance.*—Mrs. COSWAY.

THIS is a very agreeable picture in point of colour; the figure, likewise, is graceful and easy, and the *chiaro-scuro* skilfully managed.

No. 151. *Peter denying Christ.*—J. F. RIGAUD, R. A.

THE work of a Royal Academician! but in other respects below mediocrity; the light, however, is tolerably managed.

No. 154. *The Fugitive, &c.*—J. OPIE, R. A.

THIS is a picture of considerable merit; the story is well told: the

the colouring rich, and the whole possessing great force. Were we inclined to be hypercritical, we should, haply, object to the lady, who appears too affected for the character in which she appears. But possibly the artist meant the wench to represent a *flirt*.

No. 158. *Portrait of a Boy.*—H. P. Bone.

This picture is highly reputable to the talents of the young artist, and holds forth the promise of matured excellence. The colouring is particularly clear, and the whole entitled to favourable notice.

No. 162. *The Bower of Pan.*—R. Westall, R. A.

The merit of this picture is very equivocal. The composition, indeed, evinces considerable taste, but the drawing is incorrect. What object the artist must have chosen for his cue in colouring this picture, to enable him to depart so widely from nature, we are totally at a loss to guess. Such a tone of colouring we readily admit is quite unusual, and will, we hope, ever remain so; as it not only destroys all repose by its violence, but defeats even the aim of the artist, by drawing off the attention due to the meritorious parts of the work. If, indeed, *singularity* be Mr. Westall's object, he may probably obtain his wish. But the Artist, who aspires to an extensive and permanent reputation, must found his pretensions on the genuine principles of Nature. Pictures made up of glazing, like the present, and which appear to be painted for the Exhibition *exclusively*, must not expect long to outlive the show for which they were originally intended. Two or three years will reduce them, in point of colour, below the common level. Every idea of aerial perspective has been totally neglected.

No. 163. *Six Pictures from the 25th Chapter of St. Matthew.*—E. Dayes.

It is with peculiar pleasure we witness this happy combination of professional skill and moral instruction. To convert the Arts to practical purposes, which involve the social duties, is a laudable and magnanimous enterprize; and it highly gratifies us to see such a generous

a generous attempt crowned with success. The Artist has been very happy in the choice of the text he has undertaken to illustrate in the present series of moral lessons; and the simple, familiar manner in which they are treated, the situations referable to common life, which the Painter has chosen, render them well-calculated to answer the purpose of moral instructors, of practical monitors of duty.

Nor are they less entitled to commendation in a *professional*, than in a *moral* point of view: the scenes are true transcripts from nature; the colouring clear; the expression just; and the handling bold and firm. In brief, they are productions which reflect equal credit on the *heart* and the *head* of the Artist. We hope they will be put into the hands of the Engraver, to render them more extensively useful for the purposes of moral tuition. Pictures of this description carry with them greater weight than *verbal* precept; they operate upon the mind with all the energy of living example, and stimulate to the exercise of *active virtue* and beneficence.

(To be continued.)

☞ Mr. WALSINGHAM remonstrates with the politeness of a Gentleman, and is, therefore, entitled to a Gentleman's attention. He will find his letter noticed in our next.

LONDON: Printed by W. JUSTINS, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, Fleet Street.